

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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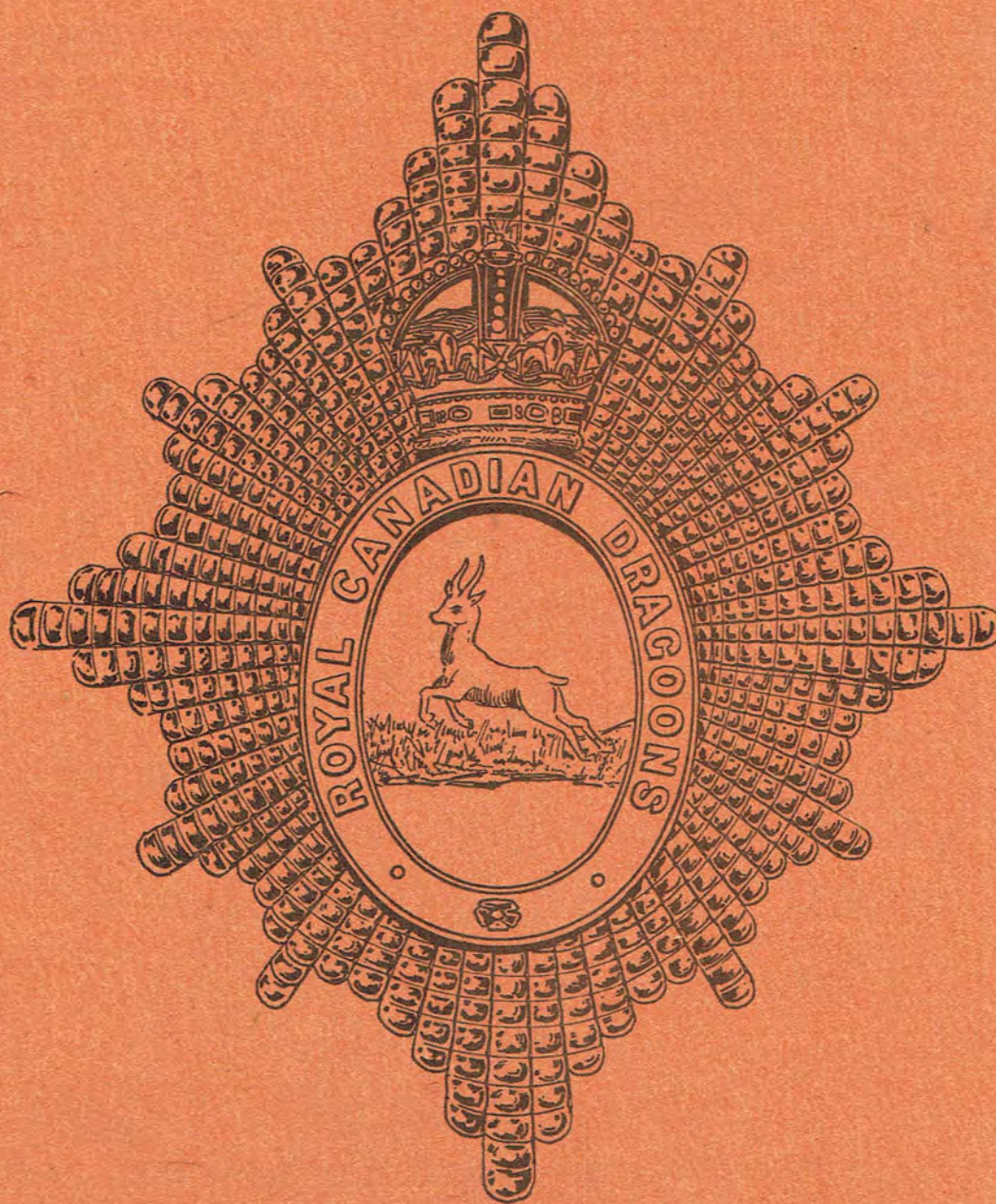
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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Ex-R.S.M. G. J. Simpkin (Old Sim)	2	Forty-Two Years in the Army	8
Editorial	3	"B" Squadron, Toronto	9
Personal and Regimental	3	Bytown Bits	10
Obituary	3	A Visit to Fort Sheridan, Ill.	12
Stanley Barracks Sergeants Mess Dance	3	Writing Home	13
Old Comrades Association	4	It Was Indeed A Lovely War	14
Old Comrades Association at St. Johns	4	Correspondence	17
Here and There	5	A Trooper's Romance	18
My War Diary	6	Sports	18
St. Johns Garrison Rifle Association	7	Military Drama	20
D.C.R.A. Annual Meeting	7		



EX-R.S.M. G. J. SIMPKIN
("Old Sim")

Who holds both the Imperial and Canadian Long Service
and Good Conduct Medals.
(See article on page 8)

Editorial.

We publish on another page an article from an old comrade, Mr. F. W. Powell. From his opening remarks we conclude that a number of ex-members are labouring under the delusion that "The Goat" is simply the organ of the active members of the regiment. This is far from being the case. We are only too pleased to hear from old comrades at any time, and our columns are always at their service, either for airing their experiences and views, or to enable them to get in touch with former friends. As a matter of fact, ex-members of the regiment are among our most prolific contributors. Were it not for the generous assistance of Major E. A. Hethrington, Lt.-Col. W. A. Blue, and many others we would be in a bad way for copy at various times. Major R. Nordheimer, who although not yet an ex-member, may still be classed as such, has also been very generous in his contributions since leaving the regiment.

We have received a few complaints regarding our apparent dilatoriness in appearing each month. We try to go to press around the seventeenth of each month, but this is not always possible. "The Goat" is published by a firm that also publishes a weekly newspaper. If the middle of the month clashes with the local day of going to press we are compelled to wait, and this nearly always puts us a week behind. Then again, most months we have to wait for usual copy until somewhere round the 14th or fifteenth of the month. This stuff has to be "set up" and "proof read," and it all takes time. The staff at St. Johns augment their daily routine by doing a little extra for the regimental paper, and it is hardly fair to expect them to be as precise of the average periodical.

We have constantly invited members of the regiment to send in any little thing they may have for publication, and have always tried to publish the various items that have been submitted. We would like to point out that the paper is not a vehicle for expressing private, personal prejudices. A joke is a joke, and will always be published when it is intended as such.

We find that the renewal of subscriptions is proceeding very slowly. This is mainly because we all forget about trivial things. However, to facilitate the making

up of our books, we would ask all who receive a subscription blank with their number to renew as soon as possible.

Personal & Regimental

(St. Johns)

A letter received from Captain D. A. Grant, M.C., R.C.D., who is at present attached to the 1st Royal Dragoons at Aldershot, England, states that he recently attended an artillery demonstration at Larkhill, where he had the pleasure of meeting the following Canadian officers, who are attending various courses in England: Lt.-Col. W. H. P. Elkins, D.S.O., R.C.H.A.; Major M. Tenbroeke, M.C., P.P.C.L.I.; Captain J. F. Preston, M.C., R.C.H.A., and Captain M. H. S. Penhale, R.C.H.A.

Major F. Sawers, M.C., and S. M.I. (W.O.) J. H. Dowdell are at present away from the Station for a period of six weeks, whilst conducting a Provisional School of Cavalry at Canning and Middleton, N.S.

Captain W. A. Black, M.C., R.C.A.S.C., from Headquarters M. D. No. 4, Montreal, is at present attending a special Permanent Force Proficiency in Riding Course at the Royal School of Cavalry. Lieut. R. C. Clark, R.C.R., of St. Johns, is also taking this course.

"A" Squadron is at present undergoing its annual troop and squadron training. Troop training commenced on the 12th of April and will continue for a period of three weeks. Squadron training will commence on May 3rd and terminate on May 22nd.

Major Obata, an instructor of the Japanese Imperial College, Tokio, visited St. Johns on April 17th. Major Obata is on his way back to Japan from England, where he has been taking a two-year course. Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., accompanied the visitor on a tour of the barracks, and the latter was much impressed with the men's mess-room and kitchen, and the stables.

Toronto

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., was a member of the executive of the Hunt Club Carnival Committee, which recently presented a very successful carnival at the Coliseum. He was also chairman of the Ring and Performance Committee on that occasion.

OBITUARY

The death occurred at Toronto on the 23rd of February, 1926, of Henry Irving Page, beloved son of Cpl. and Mrs. Page.

The deceased, who was born at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on the 1st of October, 1911, died as a result of heart failure, after protracted illness.

"The Goat" joins with all ranks in sincerest sympathy to his sorrowing parents.

The Grand Military Tournament to be held in the Royal Coliseum, Canadian National Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, on the evenings of the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd of May, with a matinee on the Saturday, has already awakened a great deal of interest.

The tournament will be held under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor General of Canada, His Honour the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, and the Honourable the Minister of National Defence.

We are looking forward to the display, which will include the Musical Ride and Artillery Drive, and will be, from what we may judge from the advance notices, something of the nature of the Grand Tattoos, which so delighted the great audiences at Wembley a year ago.

STANLEY BARRACKS SERGEANTS' MESS DANCE

The Sergeants Mess, Stanley Barracks, entertained at a dance, held on Tuesday evening, March 30th, from p.m. to 2 a.m. the 31st.

About 150 attended the dance, including representatives from Non-Permanent Active Militia units both in Toronto and from several messes outside the city.

Col. Cmdt. (Hon. Brig. Gen.) The following also attended: A. H. Bell, D.S.O., and Mrs. Bell, Lt.-Col. Walker Bell, D.S.O., R.C.D., and Mrs. Bell, Lt.-Col. W. Rhoades, D.S.O., M.C., R.C.D., Mrs. and Misses Rhoades, Lt.-Col. R. J. S. Langford, R.C.R., Major W. Baty, R.C.D., and Mrs. Baty, Major H. Stethem, R.C.D., and Mrs. Stethem, Major J. W. H. Vandenberg, D.S.O., P.P.C.L.I., and Mrs. Vandenberg, Lt.-Col. T. C. Evans, M.C., R.C.A.V.C., Major E. A. Steer, M.C., R.C.D., (R. O.) and Mrs. Steer, Capt. T. A. James, R.C.D., and Mrs. James, Capt. H. Beard, R.C.A.P.C., and Mrs. Beard, Capt. R. G. Whitelaw, R.C.R., and Mrs. Whitelaw, Lt. W. H. Blake, M.C., R.C.E., and Lt. W. G. D. Chadwick, R.C.D. A number of ex-members of the mess were also present and renewed old friendships.

A most enjoyable evening was spent by all, the programme being exceptionally good, including the Slipper Dance, which caused much merriment, in some cases the farriers having to function in the removal of slippers. Many Cinderellas were discovered in this event.

The committee are to be congratulated on the very efficient way in which the various parts of the entertainment were arranged and carried out.

Several songs were rendered by Mr. H. Binns, a well-known local entertainer, which helped to make the evening a success.

The dance committee were the following: S/Sgt. F. Oliver, R.C.D., Sgt. W. G. Tamlyn, R.C.D., Sgt. G. Burt, R.C.R., Sgt. H. F. Costello, R.C.D.

The record of service of Sgt. T.



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We would ask all readers who receive a subscription form pasted on the cover of their "GOAT" to renew their subscription as soon as possible, so that they may not miss a single number.

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Jackson, "B" Squadron, R.C.D., whose award of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, was re-Battn., Yorkshire Regt. (Imp.) July 3rd, 1888; Transferred to Army Reserve, 1st Class, March 7, 1896; Recalled to Army service under special Army Order D/11-11-99, November 13th, 1899; Discharged, termination of engagement, July 13th, 1901; Total service with colours, 9 years, 125 days. With Reserve, 3 years, 251 days. Enlisted R.C.D., P.F., August 31, 1916; Discharged (character (V. G.)), April 29th, 1919; Total service, 2 years, 242 days; Enlisted re-constituted P.F. (R.C.D.), April 30th, 1919; Still serving in R.C.D. Campaigns: South African War, 1899 to 1901. Medals: S.A. (Queens) 7 clasps; Long Service and Good Conduct.

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Old Comrades Association.

The general meeting of the Old Comrades Association, called to consider the proposed constitution of the Association, took place on the 10th instant in the Toronto Armouries. Notwithstanding that this date conflicted with the Hunt Club Carnival, which event precluded the attendance of Colonel Walker Bell, the president, and Major Timmis, one of the executive, and was no doubt responsible for the absence of several others, the meeting was well attended.

In the absence of the president, Major E. A. Steer occupied the chair, explained the purpose of the meeting, and then read over the proposed constitution. After some discussion the constitution as presented, with a few minor alterations, was adopted by the meeting and will be printed shortly. In our next number we hope to be able to give our readers the constitution in full.

After the question of the constitution was settled, the question of further general meetings and reunions was discussed, and it was decided that a picnic would be held early this summer and that if possible another smoker would be arranged before the regiment proceeded to camp. It was also decided that general meetings of the Association would be held, for the discussion of the general business of the Association three times a year, in addition to the annual general meeting called for by the constitution. The question of taking part in various ceremonies in which wreaths were placed on memorials was discussed, and it was unanimously decided that on days on which memorials were decorated the Association would place wreaths on all memorials in Toronto which were being publicly decorated, if the regiment as such had served; this, of course, to include our own memorial in Stanley Barracks on Armistice Day.

At the recent meeting of the Old Comrades Association one of our members, who it is just possible emanated from the Emerald Isle, suggested that general meetings of the Association be held frequently, and advised at least three meetings a year, "one this spring, one in the fall, and one next spring."

The secretary of the Association informs us that he is in receipt of a letter from Mr. C. A. Rheault, stating that he had learned of the formation of the Old Comrades Association through our columns and was anxious to join.

Old Comrades Association at St. Johns.

In February, 1922, an attempt, however, have frequently visited us on various sports days and have always received a warm welcome.

A subscription was taken, and all active members of "A" Squadron and all those ex-members present subscribed \$1.00. This fund has been kept in trust in the Bank of Commerce at St. Johns, and will be forwarded to the treasurer of the newly-organized association. In accordance with the ruling of the association, whereby all those who have previously subscribed are eligible to cards for the present year, the following names should be added to the list of members of the Old Comrades Association:

Officers and ex-Officers.

With the Regiment:

Major, D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.
Major H. Stethem, Stanley Barracks, Toronto.
Capt. M. H. A. Drury, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.
Capt. D. A. Grant, c/o 1st Royal Dragoons, Aldershot, Eng.
Capt. L. D. Hammond, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

Ex-Officers:

Lt.-Col. E. A. Williams, Harbour Commissioner Police Force, Montreal.
Major D. S. Fisher, Sackville, N.B.
Capt. J. W. W. Whitehead, Church House, Three Rivers.
Capt. G. C. Drury, 23 Redpath St., Montreal.
Lieut. J. L. Smeaton, 8 Oldfield Ave., Montreal.

W.O.'s, N.C.O.'s and Men, "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

S.M. (W.O.1.) J. Mountford, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.
S.M. (W.O.1.) J. H. Dowdell, (I.C.) Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.
S.M. (W.O.1.) A. M. Doyle, H.Q., M.D. No. 7, St. John, N.B.
S.S.M. C. W. Smith, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.
S.Q.M.S. J. Snape, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.
Q.M.S. W. T. C. Ellis, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.
Q.M.S. C. H. Hill, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.
Sgt. J. King, Stanley Barracks, Toronto.
Sgt. Instr. G. C. Hopkinson, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.
Sgt. W. A. Barker, Stanley Barracks.
Sgt. J. Langley, Cavalry Barracks.
Sgt. E. Hargreaves, Cavalry Barracks.
Sgt. R. Davies, Cavalry Barracks.
Sgt. A. Neeves, Cavalry Barracks.
Sgt. W. Campbell, M.M., Cavalry Barracks.
Sgt. T. Sheehy, Cavalry Barracks.
Sgt. R. Harris, Cavalry Barracks.
S.S.M.I. P. Boudreau, (I.C.) H.Q., M.D. No. 4, Montreal.
A/Sgt. E. Barraclough, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.
Cpl. J. R. Coulter, Cavalry Barracks.
Cpl. J. Cassidy, Cavalry Barracks.
Cpl. J. E. Desnoyers, Cavalry Barracks.
Cpl. F. A. Green, Cavalry Barracks.
Cpl. W. E. McKerrall, Cavalry Barracks.
Cpl. E. Sargent, Cavalry Barracks.
L/Cpl. E. Boucher, Cavalry Barracks.
L/Cpl. J. Adams, Cavalry Barracks.
Tpr. G. W. Harrington, Cavalry Barracks.
Tpr. C. W. Clark, Cavalry Barracks.
Tpr. R. Desfosses, Cavalry Barracks.

Tpr. W. D. Manning, Cavalry Barracks.
Tpr. V Omelusk, Cavalry Barracks.
Tpr. H. Rowe, Cavalry Barracks.
Tpr. T. F. Wheeler, Cavalry Barracks.
Cpl. F. J. Waters, Stanley Barracks, Toronto.
Tpr. C. F. Simpkin, Stanley Barracks, Toronto
Tpr. F. Constantine, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

Ex-Members, R.C.D.

Sgt. A. E. Merrix, 41 Bathurst Street, Toronto.
Sgt. A. F. Goodall, M.M., 106 Kendall Rd., Colchester, Eng.
Tpr. A. B. Campbell, "B" Coy., R.C.R., Stanley Barracks.
Cpl. M. J. R. Barker, "B" Coy., R.C.R., Stanley Barracks.
Tpr. F. H. Connors, "B" Coy., R.C.R., Stanley Barracks.
Cpl. E. W. Cross, Bobcaygeon, Ont.
Tpr. H. E. Clements, Bank of Montreal, St. Stephens, N.B.
Tpr. J. A. Casey, Gen. Delivery, St. Johns, Que.
Tpr. J. Dun, Gen. Delivery, St. Johns, Que.
Tpr. H. Dreppenstedt, Gen. Delivery, St. Johns.
L/Cpl. W. M. Durnford, Caperol, Ont.
L/Cpl. H. Gordon, 1985 Church Ave., Montreal.
Sgt. F. P. Hanaghan (Guard) Kingston Pen., Kingston, Ont.
Tpr. H. O. Labelle, R.C.A., Esquimalt, B.C.
Tpr. W. Lalonde, St. Philomene, County Chateauguay, Que.
Tpr. R. Morin, c/o P. Trahan, contractor, St. Johns, Que.
L/Cpl. A. McClelland, 31 Lavolette Ave., Three Rivers, Que.
S.S. W. Nethercotte, Buck Run, Minersville, Penn., U.S.A.
Tpr. H. E. Short, 2043 Cartier St., Montreal.
Tpr. T. Sullivan, 99 Massey St., Toronto, Ont.
Tpr. W. Strothers, 1242 Verdun Ave., Verdun, Que.
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" G. E. Penny.
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" P. Towis.
" C. W. Wilson.
" R. Wilson.
" N. R. Wright.
" W. S. Wagstaff.
" S. Williams.
" J. D. Waters.
Sgt. A. W. Smith.
Capt. H. R. Tyner, M.C.

We would greatly appreciate the receipt of the addresses of any of the above old comrades whose addresses have become unknown.

We note that the address of our old comrade and Toronto editor of "The Goat," Major E. A. Hethrington, is now 20 Elm Ave, Toronto 5, Ont.

The bright young man was making application for his bonus.

"How much service did you have?" asked the clerk.

"No service at all," replied the b.y.m. in disgust. "I was only a corporal and had to wait on myself."—American Legion Weekly.

We have often heard a definition of discipline which was less enlightening than the following given by another candidate: "Discipline is behaving in the barret (barrack?) rooms and not to give any line (of bull?) to a rank higher than yourself."

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Army That Captured 45,000 Prisoners

London.—"The story of Canada in the war is one of the most wonderful in the world," said Major-General Seely, at a reunion dinner of more than four hundred war comrades of the Canadian Expeditionary Force in London.

"There were 595,000 Canadians who enlisted on their own account to take part in the war, which was very far from their own shores," continued the general, who was a cavalry commander in the Canadian Forces during the war. "Of that number 410,000 went overseas, nearly all of them to France; 2,598 officers and 49,100 of other ranks were killed in action. More than 180,000 were wounded.

Of the decorations, sixty-two consisted of the Victoria Cross, 710 of the D.S.O.; 2,800 of the M.C.; and 1,978 of the D.C.M.

"Perhaps the most wonderful thing of all was that while the Canadians lost 3,700 in prisoners, they captured 45,000. These astonishing figures bear testimony to

the amazing self-sacrifice and gallantry of the great army of Canada."

Mr. Amery, the Dominion Secretary, said, in responding to the toast of the British Empire, proposed by Mr. Peter Larkin, High Commissioner for Canada, "The whole form of the Empire, its constitution as a group of nations, arose out of the fact that Canada led the way in joining a number of separate colonies into a great national unity. The confederation of the Dominion is one of the greatest milestones in the development of the Empire system."

Among the guests were Prince Arthur of Connaught and Sir Hamar Greenwood. Major-General Garnet Hughes, Divisional Commander of the C.E.F., presided.

Alliances

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the following alliances:

The Fort Garry Horse to the 4/7th Dragoon Guards.

The Royal Canadian Engineers to the Corps of Royal Engineers.

The Royal Canadian Corps of Signals to the Royal Corps of Signals.

The Royal Canadian Regiment to the Gloucestershire Regiment.



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My War Diary.

1916

Wednesday, April 12th (Auchy-les-Hesdin)

Up at 7 a.m. Pouring rain. Down to breakfast at the mess, which is much too far away. One hour's exercise ride in the rain. Got the canteen started and after much difficulty arranged another place for our mess. Nearly all the horses are under cover with the exception of Second Troop. We are now G.H.Q. troops attached to 3rd Cavalry Division. "A" and "C" Squadrons had eight cases of drunkenness up for C.O. "B" Squadron had none. Going to try to leave for Paris Thursday night. Cochrane left today. No mail today, it was all lost.

Thursday, April 13th.

Up at 6 a.m. Orderly officer. Cold and raining. Had exercise ride for one hour. Got all my horses shod. Saw the Colonel re Paris leave, and rode to brigade headquarters at Erin to see about it. They had just got a wire to say all leave cancelled and all ranks recalled by 17th. After much difficulty got leave from 14th to 17th, and left by train at 6.40 p.m. Arrived Etaples at 9.10 p.m. and had to wait till 10.10 p.m. for Paris train. No sleeping accommodation.

Friday, April 14th (Paris)

Got a sleeping car at Amiens at 2 a.m. and dosed till we arrived in Paris at 5.30 a.m. Went to Hotel Maurice. (The entries in the diary from this date until Monday evening, April 17th, are mostly of a personal nature, consisting of luncheons, dinners and parties with relatives and friends. Paris very dead and quiet.)

Monday, April 17th (Paris)

Benson leaves tomorrow, but I leave on 12.35 train. Left as scheduled and found I could not make connections so had to stay overnight. Saw Norman Leslie, and got my watch, and Newcomen's. All leave seems to be cancelled and trains are full. Saw many new railway cuttings between Paris and Abbeyville. Heavy Canadian casualties at St. Eloi. Bed at 1 a.m.

Tuesday, April 18th (En route to Auchy-les-Hesdin)

Up at 5 a.m. Left at 6.28 for Abbeyville. Arrived at 9 a.m. Had breakfast at a cafe, and left at 11.10 a.m. for Etaples. Lt.-Col.

Gilman and Benson on the train. Arrived at 1 p.m. Had lunch and walked out to Le Todquet to see the Duchess of Westminster Hospital. A lovely place. Saw Cassels from 19th Battn. there. He is not badly hit. Left Etaples at 4.15 and arrived back at billets at 6 p.m. Whitehead and Grant away on a course, so we are short of officers. Has been raining here all the time.

Wednesday April 19th

Up at 6 a.m. Orderly officer. Raining hard. Made my rounds on a bicycle, 13¼ miles from one end of squadron area to the other. Had reconnaissance scheme for the squadron. I took the scouts. Rode "Sheila" on dinner inspection. Lectured to the scouts on map-reading at 2 p.m. Forty per cent. of the squadron inoculated. Pouring rain all day, the eighth successive rainy day. Made rounds at 9 p.m. and finished at 10.15, wet through.

Thursday, April 20th

Raining hard at 7 a.m. Cleared at 8 and we had a parade. I took the scouts out and gave them a little scheme. It commenced to pour so we came in at 11 a.m. After lunch rode to Hesdin with Moss and bought a lot of tinned things for the mess; also got some Scotch, brandy and port. Back at 5.30 and then had a very nice dinner. Still raining, making the 9th day.

Friday, April 21st

Up at 6 a.m. Orderly officer. Lovely fine day. Timmis went to go over military school, so I took the squadron. Had some drill, sword work, practiced dismounted action and charges, then worked a rear guard on the way home. Clouded over at 1 p.m. and at 2 o'clock it was raining again. Bill Hall came to see me and we motorized over to Hesdin for dinner. Saw some of the K.E.H. who are stationed there.

Saturday, April 22nd

Pouring rain. Wrote some letters. Was member of Field General Court Martial on Q.M.S. — who was drunk on leaving Tully. Lt.-Col. Stevenson, F.G.H., and Saxe Brown, R.C.H.A., were the other embers. Found guilty and reduced to the ranks. In the afternoon gave lecture to the scouts on map drawing. Bought a pair of chickens for twelve francs. Hughes and Benson could not come to dinner as weather was too bad. Hon. B. Grosvenor 2nd K.E.H., and

Newcomen came and we had a good party. Eleventh day of rain.

Sunday, April 23rd

Up at 7.30 a.m. Church parade at 9.45 a.m. Lovely day at last. Communion service at 10.30. Squadron inspection of kit, horses and saddlery. After lunch rode to Hesdin with Newcomen. Met "Pussy" Holt and Sykes, of 3rd D.G.'s. Had dinner at Hotel de la France with Bowie, Hughes and Newcomen. Hear leave starts again on the 26th. Diplomatic break between U.S.A. and Germany seems certain in near future.

Monday, April 24th

Orderly officer. Regimental parade and did drill on large field near Hesdin Wood. Lovely day. Wrote letters after lunch. Whitehead and Grant came back from course, and Moss and Cunningham went for a week. After dinner read "Mail and Empire," then took my rounds.

(To be Continued)

The following military and other books have been added to the Garrison library:

"The School for Scandal," by "Tiny" Walker.

"In No Sense Abroad," by Donnie Grant.

"The Detection of Crime," by Hubert Stethem.

"Three Years of Circus Life," by R. S. Timmis.

"Canada and Its 'Customs'" by Laurie Hammond.

"The Art of Detailing Fatigues," by C. W. Smith.

"Exposures I have made," by Corporal Coulter.

"The English Language, Its Intricacies and Pronunciation," by Frank Sawers.

"The Gold Digger," Anonymous.

"Sleep and Its Relation to Military Efficiency," by Gus. Chadwick.

"Fires, Their Origin and Benefit," by Wm. Baty.

"With Hammer and Sword," by Tom Duff.

"Forty Years A Sergeant," by Dicky Davis.

"Behind the Scenes," by Sergeant Barraclough.

"Over the Counter," by Bill Hargraves.

"Where the Shoe Pinches," by F.Q.M.S. Hill.

"My Life Story," (Unexpurgated edition—a very rare volume) by Nobby Ellis.

St. Johns Garrison Rifle Association.

March Competition

The monthly shoot of this association was held during the last three days of March. A distinct improvement was made in the average individual score over the previous month's shoot.

"D" Coy., R.C.R., won the team prize with a high score of 670; 2nd Troop, R.C.D., being second with 656. It will be noted that 2nd Troop, who won the team prize in February, have increased their score by four points in the March shoot.

There is yet one more shoot in the last week of April to wind up the series, and there will be a slight change in the method of awarding prizes. The recruits' prize will be as usual. There will be three special prizes for the three members showing the most consistent improvement over the four shoots. No prizes will be given for the three classes, but the eight team prizes will be better than usual. This should ensure a special effort being made by each man to make the best possible score for his team. A prize will be given to each man making the Ottawa team.

The association has obtained two .22 match rifles, B.S.A. Martini model, and on issue from the Q.C. stores, several converted S.M.L.E. rifles. Practise shoots with these rifles will be held during the month, and, if possible, a match will be arranged during May between teams of four representing "A" Squadron, R.C.D.,

and "D" Coy., R.C.R.

We are approaching the season for open range shooting, and it is the Commanding Officer's intention to encourage members to follow up their shooting throughout the summer.

It is quite possible that "A" Squadron will be represented by a team of six at the annual prize meeting of the D.C.R.A. at Ottawa during next August.

Prize-winners in March shoot:

First Class

Q.M.S.I. Brown, 2nd Troop .. 95
Cpl. McKerrall, 2nd Troop .. 90
Sgt. Rayner, "D" Coy. 89

Second Class

Sgt. Langley, 2nd Troop 85
L/Cpl. Weeks, 1st Troop 85
Sgt. Baizley, "D" Coy. 85

Third Class

Pte. Roadknight, "D" Coy. .. 83
Tpr. Harrington, 2nd Troop .. 78
Pte. Ward, "D" Coy. 75

Recruits' Prize

Pte. Rowlands, "D" Coy. 78

Special Prizes

Tpr. English, 1st Troop; and Tpr. Russell, 1st Troop.

Team Prize, "D" Coy., R.C.R.

Sgt. Rayner 89
Lieut. Clark 86
Sgt. Baizley 85
Pte. Roadknight 83
Pte. Blais 82
Q.M.S. Muise, R.C.A.M.C. ... 82
Pte. Rowlands 82
Pte. Cameron 81
Total 670

Next in Order, 2nd Troop

Q.M.S.I. Brown 95
Cpl. McKerrall 90
L/Cpl. Frazer 81
Sgt. Langley 85
Tpr. Gilmore 80
Tpr. Harrington 78
Sgt. Neeves 75
Tpr. Mundell 72
Total 656

Ottawa Team

Q.M.S.I. Brown, R.C.D. 95
Cpl. McKerrall, R.C.D. 90
Sgt. Rayner, R.C.R. 89
Lieut. Clark, R.C.R. 86
Sgt. Langley, R.C.D. 85
L/Cpl. Weeks, R.C.D. 85
Sgt. Baizley, R.C.R. 85
Pte. Roadknight, R.C.R. 82
Pte. Rowlands, R.C.R. 82
Q.M.S. Muise, R.C.A.M.C. ... 82
Total 862

D.C.R.A. Annual Meeting.

By Q.M.S.I. R. J. Brown, R.C.D.

The Dominion of Canada Rifle Association held its most successful annual meeting of recent years in the House of Commons, Ottawa, on April 8th. Every military district in Canada was represented by its General Officer Commanding. Numerous delegates from various rifle associations were also present. The Garrison Rifle Association of St. Johns was represented by Q.M.S.I. Brown.

It was a distinct encouragement to see so many men of prominence in military and political circles present at the meeting, amongst whom were such familiar figures as Major-General MacBrien, the Hon. Hewitt Bostock, Speaker of the Senate, the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, Leader of the Opposition, Major General H. A. Panet, Major General Sir Alexander Bertram, Brig. General C. A. Armstrong, and the Hon. Robert Rodgers.

The report of the council on the last year's work was read out at the meeting, the most outstanding feature being the remarkable success of the 1925 Canadian Team at Bisley. As team prizes, the Canadians won the Kolapore and the MacKinnon cups, and in the individual prize list, Sgt. G. M. Elmslie won the Daily Graphic Cup, while Lieut. H. R. Rowlands was successful in his pursuit of the Donegal Cup. Seven members of the team won bronze crosses in the grand aggregate, and six won the King's Badges, awarded in the final stages of the King's Match. Sgt. Elmslie won the Canada Club gold watch, and Sgt. A. F. B. Wilson the High Commissioner's Cup.

Another feature was the remarkable progress of the Canadian Rifle League since being taken over by the D.C.R.A. in 1924. In the winter competitions alone, cadet team entries have increased from 76 to 377.

An Empire prize meeting will be held in Ottawa in 1927 if the necessary financial grants are obtained. Colonel John J. McLaren, of Hamilton, was re-elected president, and the following were elected Life Governors: General Sir Arthur Currie, Major-General Sir Alexander Bertram, Major-General Sir Henry Thornton, and E. W. Beattie, K.C.

During the meeting Major-General MacBrien, Chief of Staff,

presented each of the members of the Kolapore Cup team with a miniature golden elephant. Lieutenant Desmond Burke, winner of the King's Prize in 1924, and the King's Medal (Canada) 1926, was a member of this team. General MacBrien, in the course of a brief speech, stressed the necessity for encouraging men of military age to enter into Dominion competitions, and also not to overlook the various competitions now available for Hodgkiss and Lewis Gun teams.

Colonel S. H. Hill, Director of Cadet Services, mentioned that in 1925, out of 35 medals awarded by the N.R.A. of Great Britain for scores of 100 or 99, 27 were won by Canadian cadets.

Major C. R. Crowe, Guelph, a member of the Canadian Bisley Team on many occasions, will go over this year as team commandant, with Major R. O. Wheatley as adjutant. The personnel of the team has not yet been decided on.

There are likely to be some changes in the details of this year's meeting, principal among which is the probable changing of the target colouring to a lemon shade, which will be easier on the eyes in bright sunshine. The King's medal watches may be held over until the last day of the meeting; this will be more convenient for all competitors.

HERE AND THERE

British War Medals

The issue of medals for the recent war to some six million persons scattered throughout the world has continued. There are still some 200,000 whose addresses cannot be traced. A proposal to issue battle clasps to these medals has been abandoned on financial grounds.

Major D. S. Inglis, 17th D.Y.R. C.H., who served overseas in the Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians), has been awarded the Colonial Auxilliary Forces Officers' Decoration.

According to recent Army Orders, the programme of intended reliefs between Stations in Great Britain, etc., during 1926-27, includes the movement of our sister regiment, the 1st Royal Dragoons, from Aldershot to Hounslow.

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Forty-two Years in the Army.

(By Ex-R.S.M. G. J. Simpkin,
late R.H.A., R.C.D., and
C.P.A.V.C. (Old Sim))

I was born at Acton, Middlesex, England, on the 17th of January, 1858, and was educated at the Ealing British School. I started my army life by enlisting in the R.H.A. under special authority as a private on the 11th of November, 1875. In 1882 I volunteered for service with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force under Sir Garnet Wolesley, and disembarked at Alexandria after the bombardment by Sir Beauchamp Seymour, R. N. We embarked again after 48 hours, with horses and B.L. guns, and proceeded to Port Said to await orders. We entered the Suez Canal under escort, and proceeded as far as Bitter Lakes, where we disembarked at Ismailia, the horses had to be dropped over the side of the vessel and swam ashore, a distance of a quarter of a mile. I was present during the engagements at Tel-el-Mahuto, Malisama and Elhel-Kehir, and returned to England the same year, being awarded the Egyptian Medal, Khedive Star and Clasp.

I was promoted to the rank of sergeant in 1883, and embarked on the S.S. "Tower Hill" at Southampton for service with the Bechuanaland Expeditionary Force under Sir Chas. Warren, K.C.M.G. We landed at Cape Town, and were present at the disinterment of the body of the British resident, Mafeking, at Rooi Groude, the capital of the South African Republic. He was a brother of Commander Bethel, R.N., and was murdered by Hie Kirk, a Boer revolutionist, who was demanded from the officials of the S.A.R. and handed over in sight of the Expeditionary Force, who were drawn up on the border ready to enforce the demand. But there was no demonstration, and the prisoner was sent under escort of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, tried, convicted and hanged. It is perhaps a pity that they did not raise a row at the time, as the morale of the Expeditionary Force was such that had there been any trouble it is doubtful if there ever would have been a second Majuba, or an Oom Paul as president of the S.A.R. (But then, of course, the R.C.D. would have lost their trip to South Africa and the late Major Forrester would not have had the honour of conducting the largest batch of notables sent away at any time during the war.) Returned to England

in 1884 and received a "Special Mention" in confidential reports to the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge.

In 1885 I was promoted Staff Sergeant and transferred to the Riding Establishment at Woolwich. In 1893 I became Q.M.S.F. Horse and Field Artillery, and was transferred to the R.H.A. staff at Aldershot. In February, 1896 I claimed my free discharge, on modified pension, after serving twenty years and 186 days. Was awarded the long service medal, and granted an exemplary character on discharge.

Two months later, in accordance with arrangements made with the officer commanding "A" Squadron, R.C.D., I embarked with my family at Liverpool on the S.S. "Mongolia" and on the 3rd of May arrived at Quebec, after a very rough passage. We disembarked at Point Levis and arrived at the Union Station, Toronto, on May 4th.

I left my family at the Arlington Hotel and proceeded to report at Stanley Barracks, where I was well received, and everything for the welfare of myself and family was attended to. The squadron wagon was sent to transfer my baggage to the Palace Hotel. The driver of the wagon was Private (now ex-R.S.M.) Geo. Dore, and the N.C.O. in charge was L/Cpl. (now Major) Ned. Medhurst.

On May 5th, 1896, I enlisted in "A" Squadron, R.C.D., and was promoted Sergeant Farrier, and formally introduced to my assistant, "The Hon." Mr. Kingsley, who had just inherited \$1000.00 from some well-intended deceased relative, and whose greatest asset was being able to do the disappearing act in a way that had "Kellar" beat to a standstill. And he knew everything about the shoeing of a horse except doing it. He performed the duty of sick line orderly (when I could get him colared) for a few weeks, and then he disappeared for a few years.

The next hand-out was Private Johnnie McKay, who was wished on me because he was an expert whitewasher (good start for a blacksmith), and as two negatives make an affirmative, he turned out to be the proverbial "Yes." He purchased his discharge, married a French-Canadian maiden, taking her dad also into partnership, in a milk, cream and dairy business somewhere in Michigan, U.S.A., where he whitewashed the business clean and himself into invisibility.

My next act of importance was the erection of a memorial to the memory of the venerable equine "Arch Duchess" (No. A 22) which

took the form of a skeleton composed of the remains of his own frame, and so did away with the necessity of designing (with the exception of the evil designs of the rats from the Exhibition stables had on certain parts of her dismembered anatomy, before I could get them all cleaned, sterilized, and assembled). Eventually she was all set up and the tail hung on, and I gave her a coat of paint followed by a coat of enamel. I was ably assisted in this by "Tubby" Cropley, an attached Farrier Sergeant from Prince Edward Island, who wanted to get a few pointers in "skeleton drill." He learned quickly. He sat on a chair inside and painted, and I stood on a step-ladder and painted outside, and forgot he was there. My name from that time was "Sansur" A. R.A. "Tubby" sure was some picture, and so was "Arch Duchess," for we placed her in the orderly room, and she didn't look exactly as she did in the days when Jim Widgery used to ride her whilst carrying dispatches in the North-West Rebellion. Since that time she has only cut up rough once, and that was when Professor Jack (Sgt.) Mathews and myself had to carry her up the stairs to the lecture room at the Toronto Armoury. We had to detach her supports, fore and aft, and lower her figure-head, long before we could get her up.

In 1898 I was promoted Q.M.S.F., and proceeded with the regiment to Halifax, where we embarked on the S.S. "Milwaukee" of the Elder-Dempster Line, enroute for Cape Town for service in South Africa. We had a very good voyage, considering that the vessel was greatly over-crowded, there being over 600 horses on board. Over 100 of these were carried on the hurricane deck under a temporary shelter. Our loss in horse-flesh by accident was nil, which reflected great credit to all concerned. Our loss through disease was only 5%, wonderful considering the epidemic of influenza that was prevalent at the time.

On arrival in Table Bay (Cape Town Harbour) we received a visit from Col. F. L. Lessard, who we were all pleased to see again, and were delighted to know that he was to take over the command. Sir A. Conan Doyle paid us a visit at the same time, and with him on the tender came Major V. A. S. Williams, who had gone ashore. There was a very heavy swell at the time, and as the officers were stepping from the tender to the companion ladder, an extra heavy lift caused the tender to lurch towards the transport, throwing Major Williams to the deck of the

tender and injuring his collar bone. However, he was soon about again and was able to march up country.

From this time until the end of the war the regiment made a name for itself, well known to all who have followed its history. But, unfortunately, I was prevented from being with them for very long. Owing to an accident one very dark night, as we were advancing to join up with General French's column, I somehow managed to get tangled up under two horses and was badly injured. I was picked up by an Australian ambulance and taken to Van Wyckes Rest, where we were put in a prison for safe keeping. The Boer artillery from the hills soon found the range, and all the wounded had to be carried out on stretchers and conveyed back to Vreenging, where we had to stay until a pont had been constructed across the Vail, as the bridges had been blown up by the Boers the day previous during their retreat to Elandsfontein. We were sniped at all through the day, but only suffered one casualty, the sergeant in charge of the convoy, an Imperial A.S.C. man, who had his horse killed, and was slightly wounded himself, but he was a sport and kept on his job. When the rails were laid across the pont we were placed in box cars and sent back to Kroonstad, where we were patched up and kept for ten days and then sent by hospital train to Wynburg. After three months' treatment I was able to get about on crutches, and was then ordered back to England.

I embarked on the "Kildonan Castle," the happy possessor of a brand new half-sovereign, handed to me by Sergt. Tom Leblanc, assistant director of Red Cross and Soldiers Comforts, and enquiry to Col. Biggar. He advised me not to spend it all at once.

Four days out from Cape Town a case of suspected smallpox developed, and all who had been in close contact were isolated to the after part of the vessel. One of the suspects, who was also under supervision as a lunatic, made a sudden run and jumped rail right between the two men who were guarding him. The ship stopped and buoys were thrown out, but he was never seen again.

On arrival we were allowed to land, but were kept in quarantine for three weeks, and then I was sent to Shorncliffe to the Canadian Receiving Depot. Had a week's leave in London and, forgetting Tom Leblanc's advice, I spent the half-quid and returned stony broke.

The next day I was placed in charge of 62 Canadians, of all sorts, and proceeded by train to Liverpool, via Euston, (where I had a great time rounding them up after leaving them at ease while I attended to the baggage). When we arrived on the dock at Liverpool I was just shaking hands with myself at being the first and only one who ever arrived with a complete draft, when along came a deputation from the city. They invited us to the City Hall, where we were met by the mayor and a large gathering, welcomed to the city and tendered a banquet. We were given champagne and other temperance drinks, waited upon by the ladies, our haversacks filled with cake, biscuits, cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, and a new pipe each. We had a good two hours' jubilee and some of the boys got quite sentimental, but we got them rounded up, and after a few speeches, and cheers for the ladies, the mayor and the citizens of Liverpool, returned to the dock in special caars provided by the city. We embarked on the S.S. "Parisian" of the Allan Line, and amidst cheers and music, set sail for Canada.

At Halifax we were attached to the Provisional R.C.R. Battalion, and after a most enjoyable week I set out for Toronto in charge of about ten casuals, who were to stop off at their homes en-route. Bugler Pollett, R.C.R., was to accompany me to Toronto, but I lost him at Moncton. Feeling a bit thirsty, he got off the train and was left behind, but he turned up in Toronto two days later, minus his great coat, and looking the worse for wear.

Arriving in Toronto, I reported to Stanley Barracks, where R.S.M. Jim Widgery received me in a most gracious manner, but he appeared to me to be a bit peeved that I was walking worse than he was; however, he recommended me to Major Heward for two weeks' leave. I made rapid progress, and when we met again he was no longer jealous, but accused me of putting on "swank."

Time rolled along, and eventually the regiment returned and resumed their old stations. We all met again at Petawawa on several occasions during the summer camps.

One big event I had almost forgotten to mention was the day we paraded at the Exhibition Grounds to receive our South African medals. I was given five bars, but only being entitled to three, returned two of them with thanks.

In 1912 I was transferred to the Canadian Permanent Army

Veterinary Corps, and in 1913 was granted my warrant rank.

The Great War in 1914 sent us all in different directions, and I parted with the dear old regiment, and a good many of my life-long friends, for the last time.

I remained at Stanley Barracks until May, 1917, when I was discharged, not because I was so remarkably ugly (as there were worse specimens than me being enlisted) but because someone wanted the position I held, but which I think must have been abolished, for it has never been filled since. I was given my second exemplary character, and awarded the Canadian Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

My happiest days were spent with the old R.C.D.'s, and I am proud to have belonged to a corps which has more than held its own on all occasions. My happiest days were spent with my comrades (and in this I include the officers without reserve), all of whom are remembered with affection wherever they may be.

I will now make myself scarce, with compliments to "The Goat" and apologies for "butting in."

From "Old Sim."

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THE HUNT CARNIVAL

The Hunt Club Carnival which took place at the Coliseum in the Canadian National Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, on the 10th instant, was again a success, both from the point of view of the public and also on the part of the Hunt Club, as the large crowds which attended both the afternoon and evening performances were charmed by the beautiful pageants and interesting equestrian displays provided. The afternoon performance was provided by the junior members of the Hunt, and an excellent programme of riding and jumping events, which were keenly contested, delighted the spectators. The evening performance gave the audience, which packed the huge amphitheatre, a splendidly varied and colourful spectacle. Perhaps the most beautiful event of the evening was "Donnybrook Fair," although the burlesque "bull fight," with which the performance was concluded, appeared to meet with the greatest favour from the audience. Much amusement was derived from the mock polo match which was staged in the interval during the indoor polo

CRIBBAGE

The Stanley Barracks Sergeants Cribbage Team was successful in again winning the Garrison Sergeants Association Cribbage Cup, making the second consecutive year they have won this trophy. Their record for the season was: 16 games played; 12 won; 4 lost.

To retain the cup it is necessary for a team to win it three times, and the Stanley Barracks team is anticipating winning it again next season and retaining it in Stanley Barracks for good. Good luck to them.

The following is the average of the members of the team, which was captained by Sergeant Buell.

	Played	Won	Lost	Average
Sgt. Kent, R.C.A.M.C.	93	60	33	645
C.Q.M.S. Rowbotham, R.C.R.	96	62	35	636
Sgt. Sturgess, R.C.D.	45	28	27	622
Sgt. Herring, R.C.R.	96	57	39	594
Sgt. Mathews, R.C.D.	160	34	26	566
Q.M.S.T. Travers, R.C.D.	02	58	44	568
Q.M.S. Ackerman, R.C.D.	102	56	46	549
Sgt. Barker, R.C.D.	66	36	30	545
S.S.M.I. Wardell, R.C.D.	75	40	35	533
R.S.M. Churchward, R.C.D.	96	51	45	531
Sgt. Jackson, R.C.D.	96	52	44	541
Q.M.S.I. Karcher, R.C.D.	69	36	33	522
Sgt. Bell, R.C.A.S.C.	96	48	48	500
Q.M.S.F. Hogan, R.C.D.	42	20	22	476
Sgt. Buell, R.C.D.	27	12	15	444
Sgt. Lee, R.C.D.	18	8	10	444

exhibition, Mr. Percy Arnoldi distinguishing himself as a funmaker. The following officers of the regiment took part in the carnival: Major Timmis and Lieut. Chadwick in the "bull fight" and also in the pair jumping, in which event they won fourth place, after re-contesting the event with other pairs which had also got clean performances. Major Timmis also appeared in "Donnybrook Fair" driving his tandem in a jaunting car with a number of ladies dressed in Irish costumes of the period represented.

Major General F. L. Lessard, C. B., acted as one of the judges in the jumping events. Major Widgery, as usual, made an excellent ring-master. Tpstr.-Major Travers sounded the post horn in the coaching scene, and the fanfare of trumpets at the "bull fight" was provided by the trumpeters of the regiment. The work in the ring, setting-up of jumps, etc., was excellently carried out by a detachment from "B" Squadron.

The recent R. S. of C. examinations brought out several curious answers, among which perhaps the most notable was the following: "A 'Duty Roster' is an N.C.O. who looks after messing arrangements and makes out meal schedules, and also checks all bill of the mess and all shipments of food." This appears still more remarkable when considered in the light of another answer which stated that the "N.C.O.'s duty roster is kept by the Stable Sergeant."

Bytown Bits.

Dragoons Dinner.—The officers of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards held their annual banquet and meeting in the mess room, O. A.A.C. building, on March 23rd, with Col. W. A. Blue, O.C., in the chair. In the neighbourhood of forty officers and guests were present, the guests congratulating the officers of the unit upon the activities and performances of the Dragoon Guards.

Among the guests were Major-General J. H. Elmsley, C.B., C.M. G., D.S.O.; Major W. W. Kennedy, M.C., second in command of the Fort Garry Horse and a member of Parliament for Winnipeg; Capt. A. C. Casselman, of Fourth Hussars, also member of Parliament, and the following officers of headquarters: Col. W. K. Walker, D.S.D., C.C.; Col. H. H. Mathews, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Col. H. J. Coghill; Col. S. H. Osler, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Col. A. H. Anderson and Major W. E. L. Coleman.

Other officers present were Col. L. P. Sherwood, O.C. of the Second Mounted Brigade; Col. J. R. Munro, former O.C., Second Mounted Brigade; Col. C. J. Burritt, Col. R. M. Courtenay, Hon. Lt.-Col., P.L.D.G., and Col. W. A. Blue, O.C., besides regimental officers.

The following were elected mess officers for the coming year: Mess president, Major F. B. Inkster; members of mess committee, Capt. G. H. A. Collins, Capt. T. G. Birckett; mess secretary, Lt. C. S. Me-pherson; regimental committee,

Rev. Major G. G. D. Kilpatrick, D.S.O., Major J. D. Fraser, Lt. J. W. York, Lt. E. A. M. Jarvis, Lt. H. R. T. Gill, Lt. C. C. Baker and Lt. L. D. Williams.

Are First.—The Signal Troop of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards won first place in the annual signal classifications among all cavalry units of Canada, and came seventh among all military units in the Dominion. The Troop had a total of 4,556 points, which was a lead of 1,000 points over the nearest cavalry unit in the Dominion, and which was 4,000 points ahead of any other unit in the Ottawa district.

The troop, which consists of 21 members, under the command of Lieut. J. W. York, won ten first-class certificates, eight second class and two training certificates.

D.R.A.—Major C. R. Crowe, of Guelph, Ont., will be the commandant of the Canadian 1926 Bisley team. Major R. O. Wheatley, M. C., of Ottawa, has been appointed team adjutant.

The team, comprising the two above-mentioned officers and 18 marksmen, the pick of Canada's shots, will sail on the S.S. Alania of the Cunard Line from Montreal on June 12th and will probably return on the S.S. Ausonia, which sails from Liverpool on July 30th. The 63rd annual prize meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley this year will be held from July 5th to 17th.

The official team is as follows: Team commandant, Major C. R. Crowe, of Guelph; team adjutant, Major R. O. Wheatley, M.C., Ottawa; marksmen, Sgt. G. M. Elmslie, Toronto, Lt. A. T. Steele, of Guelph, Corp. H. W. Burton, Esquimaux, B.C., Major L. I. Johnson, Ottawa, Gnr. E. Regan, Victoria, B.C., Sgt. J. Borland, Toronto, Capt. G. M. Galbraith, London, Ont., C.Q.M.S. A. Parnell, Montreal, Pte. A. Houlden, Hamilton, Major F. Richardson, Victoria, Sgt. K. McGregor, Ottawa, Lt. Jas. Boa, Montreal, Sgt.-Major E. J. Rad, Esquimaux, B.C., Sgt. D. Fyvie, Victoria, B.C., Sgt.-Major H. Russell, Montreal, Major R. M. Blair, Victoria, Lt.-Col. T. Pugh, Ottawa, and Lt. D. Burke, (G.M.), Ottawa.

Red Patch Dinner.—Major General J. H. MacBrien, chief of staff, will preside at the Red Chevron dinner to be held at the Chaudiere Golf Club on the evening on April 22nd, the eleventh anniversary of the Second Battle of Ypres. The occasion will be marked, it is expected, by one of the largest reunions of first contingent members

ever held here. Major the Rev. C. G. Hepburn has accepted an invitation to act as "padre" of the evening.

At His Feet.—The other day the Right Hon. Mackenzie King was down at the Chateau Laurier conversing with a well-known literary lady. The lady in question had with her a small toy dog at the end of a chain and during the talk the Prime Minister changed his position. "Oh, Mr. King, don't be afraid. My little dog will not bite you," gushed the lady. "I know he won't," shot back the First Bachelor of the Land, "but I saw him lift his leg and I thought he was going to kick me."

The Gang Was Here.—Among the many smiling faces in Ottawa this month I saw Billy De Gib, from the far-flung, fenceless prairies, also also General Ketchen. General Elmsley and General Victor Williams did their utmost to uphold the honour of the cavalry, and Generals King and Armstrong did the honours for the infantry.

Brownie Was In Town.—I was glad to see the erect figure of Q. M.S.I. R. J. Brown on the street the other day. He was in town for the D.R.A., and looked as if the winter at St. Johns had agreed with him.

Vimy Dinner.—Officers of the overseas forces of Canada during those memorable years, 1914 to 1918, gave two tangible expressions of their affection for Their Excellencies the Governor General of Canada, commander of the Canadian Corp, 1916-17, and his gracious consort, at the Vimy dinner held at Government House on April 9th, at which were present over 200 officers who fought under General Byng. One was in the form of a seven passenger, 75-horsepower, Canadian-made limousine, and the other was a portrait of His Excellency to Lady Byng.

The presentations were made in behalf of the officers by General Sir Arthur Currie, now president of McGill University, Montreal, who succeeded General Byng as commander of the Canadian Corps. The dinner was one of the most memorable functions ever held at Government House, but beneath the superficial gaiety of the gathering of comrades in war with their beloved chief there was an element of regret, for they knew that his term as Governor General of Canada expires next September, and he will return to England.

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A Visit to Fort Sheridan, Ill., U.S.A.

(By Major R. Nordheimer, M.C.)

I had the good fortune a few days ago to visit Fort Sheridan, the military post north of Chicago, and witness an impromptu horse show held there in the Riding Hall. In many respects Fort Sheridan is like Fort Ethan Allen in general lay-out, only it is four times the size. The Officers quarters, offices, stables, riding Club, Hostesses Pavilion, Officers hall, and hospital are all on a much larger scale than anything I have ever seen, and are very up-to-date compared to what we are accustomed to in Canada.

The garrison consists of one squadron 14th Cavalry, "A" and "B" Batteries 14th Artillery, and the 2nd Infantry Regiment. In addition there are the usual auxiliary services. Polo is enthusiastically indulged in, and Captain Rhoades, a member of the American Army Polo Team, is a member of the garrison.

After a very excellent supper in the club, we proceeded over to the riding hall, where the horse show was to take place. The spectators were seated in a gallery at one end and obtained a very good view of what was taking place. The riding hall is very large and has a sand floor.

The first event was a musical ride by Troop "C," 14th Cavalry, which was very well carried out. Then followed the troopers jumping class, and it certainly was a splendid performance in every way. The course was the same as the International, though the jumps were lower, but it was quite stiff enough to cause a lot of trouble to any but skilled performers. Over this course twenty N.C.O.'s and men ride, the majority with just the saddle blanket on, and the class of jumping can best be judged from the fact that two competitors had to jump off for first and second, each with perfect performances, and three had to jump off for 3rd and 4th, with 1½ faults. The winner, Pte. Quilliam, on "Bobbie," made a clean in the jump-off as well, and won the event.

The exhibition drill by "A" and "B" Batteries was most interesting. The turn-out of men and horses was excellent. "A" Battery with red brow and nose bands and red leather saddle clothes trimmed with gold, looking particularly smart, their black horses

being splendidly matched. There were more than fifty horses in the ring at one time, and at the gallop it was a very inspiring and thrilling spectacle to witness.

The Ladies' Jumping followed, and the performance was very good. This event was won by Mrs. Blake-lock on "Mme. Pell," after a jump-off with Miss Lenihan, both having made clean performances in the first round.

The Officers' Jumping was over a stiffened International course, and was certainly well worth watching. Fourteen officers competed, mostly from the cavalry, but the winner turned up in Lt. Sherman, 2nd Infantry, on "Messenger." Lieut. Sherman gave a very fine display of horsemanship and deserves the greatest credit, the more so as he was suffering from a strained leg and thigh. Being my host, I was delighted at his victory, but I felt some sympathy for my confreres of the cavalry, knowing the "razzing" they would get as a result.

The evening closed with a gymnastic exhibition of "monkey drill" by Troop "A," 14th Cavalry, which took in the usual vaulting, trick riding, etc. The event finished up by a ride through an arch of fire, which was very fine.

Taking the evening's performance as a whole, the thing that impressed me most was the excellent riding of the enlisted N.C.O.'s and men, which was far above the average. This is possibly due to the fact that in Major West, the Squadron Leader, they have a very keen instructor who has taken courses at all the chief equitation schools in Europe and is recognized as one of the best horsemasters in the United States. On bringing the matter up in conversation with Major West a few days later, I found he was a keen believer in equitation in all its forms, and attributed a great deal of the success his officers and men had in riding to the very extensive and thorough course in equitation they underwent. His theory was that few horses deteriorated by being made to go through the "haute école," while many developed qualities they otherwise would not have by taking part in this form of training. Major West has ridden at Olympia and is an admirer of our old friend, Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Brook. He has kindly promised to take me through his stables and allow me to ride with his squadron during their drill one day, both of which I hope to be able to do in the near future.

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BRAN MASH

The following are extracts from examination papers recently written at the Royal School of Cavalry, St. Johns:

"The front rank should consist of able-bodied men, farriers and other employed men are placed in the rear rank."

"If, after a period of three months, a man is found unlikely to become an efficient soldier, he should be discharged as such."

"Horse troughs should be constructed high enough so that a horse cannot put his foot in them, thus creating a disturbance."

"Yes," said the eminent specialist to the poor man who had called on him. "I will examine you carefully for ten shillings."

"All right, doctor," said the poor man, resignedly, "if you find it I'll give you half."

Magistrate: "So you want a divorce, madam? On what grounds?"

Woman: "On any, sir, as long as he ain't allowed on them."

Writing Home.

Letter from Tpr. J. Barry, "A" Squadron, R.C.D., to his father at Oshawa, Ont.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns,
April 10th, 1926.

Dear Dad:—Here I am again, and if you had a long time to wait for this letter it is not my fault, because I can't write standing up and I aint sat down for a week, for reasons I will tell you about later.

Well, the last letter I wrote you was writ when I was waiting in the writing room near the canteen, while I was waiting for the guy to come and give me my outfit. After I finshed my letter to you I guess I kind of dozed, because the first thing I remember was being woke up by a lot of talking from a corner of the room what is fenced in like. There was a lot of thumping and shouting, and I could hear a guy calling out: "Hey, Red, make Heavy loosen up." The guys in there seemed to be set on the arrival of a guy called 'Howe' 'cause every few minutes a voice would call out, "Well, here's Howe," but it seemed kind of queer to me cause the guy never came in.

Just as I was considering going over to see what was in the box, a chap comes in and says to me: "Who the H—l are you?" "A new solger," I says. With that he looks at me kind of funny and shakes his head. "Work," he says, "nothing but work all day long. It's a dog's life. I gotta clean this place up," he says, looking over at where I had been sitting and taking in the cigarette ashes on the floor. "It's a tough job. Them cups all got to be cleaned, floor swept, and tables brushed every day." What that he gets a cloth and wipes the edges of the tables and puts the covers on. "Lucky for me," he says, "I lost the key to them cases where the cups are, and my broom's wore out, or I guess I'd be working here all the day."

"What's the row in the corner?" I says. "That," says he, "that's the Corporals' Mess. I used to clean that too, but all I got out of it was some cigarette cards from one of the guys that runs it. I'll tell you something, my lad," says he, coming over to me. "We can—"

Just then the door opens and in comes a guy with spurs on, who looks at me and says: "Beat it over to the stores and draw your kit." So out I goes and never hears what the other guy was going to tell me.

On the way over the store where

I was to get my duds we meets a lot of guys carrying little canvas bags and walking along like they was going to a funeral. "Where's them guys going?" I says. "To stables," says the red-headed guy. "Why are they looking like they lost their best friend?" I says. "They did," he says. "Corporal G— was broke the other day." Can you beat that, dad? Here a guy gets broke and all the other guys gets worried and sad. I guess cororals don't often get broke, and I says so to Red Head. "Not often," he says. "First time in three years here." I was just going to ask him how a solger gets broke when we reaches the house I first came to, and we goes in and goes upstairs.

There was a crowd of guys there with all kinds of brushes and clothes in their hands, and they was all trying to get in at once. Inside the room there was long shelves of clothes and boots and more things than I ever seen before. There was two guys serving out the stuff, one guy with a big lip muff and the other a little fat guy wth legs like a piano. The big guy was talking something awful to the guys, and to every guy he said the same thing. "When did you get this; two months ago? you're a d— liar. What's the matter with it? Worn out H—l! Use it as a tooth brush. Major S— told you to get a new one? I don't give a d— who told you. This isn't a blooming Xmas bazaar. D— that bell. Why can't they leave me alone! Get out of my way, ...**X.../X?!!!" When the big guy what everyone calls Quarter goes out, all the blokes beat it with the things that the little guy gives them, and then he sees me. "Recruit?" he says. "Where's your papers?" And when he sees them he goes over to the shelf ond brings out a lot of stuff. "Jacket, medium," he says, "none in stock; here's a large one, the tailor can cut it down. Cap 7¼, no 7¼'s. Here is an 8. Boots 8; here's an 8¾, nearest we got, and anyway your feet will swell. No winter underwear in stock, but here's three shirts of summer wear instead."

He takes me over to a table and shows me a long list of things I am to have. "See," he says, "you get all these free, but some we aint got in just now, and you'd be surprised at the run on them when they do come. I shouldn't do this," he says, "and if Quarter knew he'd kill me, but you seem a good guy and I want to see you get a square deal; you just put your name down opposite each of the things you want and I'll hold 'em for you when we get 'em."

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Say, I think he was mighty decent to do that for a new guy, don't you, dad? I gets a shaving kit, tooth brush, and brush and comb, and everything a guy needs free, and say, I bet I'll look pretty nifty in my uniform when I gets it fitted right. My breeches kinda look like bloomers, but "Shorty" Boucher, the guy what promised to reserve all the new things for me, says the tailor can fix them up swell and can take out enough stuff to make me a new pair to walk out in. I guess he's right too, dad.

Well, I takes all my stuff and goes over to my room, which I shares with ten other guys. They have each got a bed, and over the bed is a shelf on which they keep their uniform; and, say, it is as neat as a pin. We each have a locker but no key, cause "Shorty" says if one can't trust the guys what you share the room with, you can't trust no one, and if there was a lock they would think you didn't trust 'em and would bust it open anyway.

Well, dad, I wanted to tell you why I had to stand up for so long, but I got to go over to the "Big Noise's" bungalow and fix up some bulbs for him. The "Big Voice" what drunk my whiskey the first day asked me this morn-

ing did I know anything about bulbs, and seeing as how I had worked with Cy Greenbaum in his electric store at home I says sure, and he tells me to go over to the Major's quarters this afternoon at three o'clock. So I guess I better beat it now.

Will write later and tell you the rest.

Lots of love to you all.

Yours,
Jim.

Carefully the burglar effected an entrance into the bank. He found a way to the strong room. When the light from his lantern fell on the door he saw the sign, "Save your dynamite. The safe is not locked. Turn the knob and open."

For a moment he ruminated.

"Anyway, there's no harm in trying it, if it's really unlocked."

He grasped the knob and turned. Instantly the office was flooded with light, an alarm bell rang lodly, an electric shock rendered him helpless, while a door in the wall opened and a bulldog rushed out and seized him.

"I know what's wrong with me," he sighed an hour later when the cell door closed upon him. "I have too much faith in human nature. I'm too trusting."

It Was Indeed a Lovely War.

It must be quite two years ago since I first saw a copy of "The Goat." Since then I have seen several, read them eagerly, and then put them down with the feeling that it lacked an indefinable something that we old-timers needed.

I take it for granted that the journal is a link between the regiment that is and the regiment that was. If I am wrong and it is intended primarily for the regiment of today, then my few remarks will be so much wasted time.

If I mistake not, criticisms and suggestions are invited, so I accept the invitation.

We who have gone back to our civil occupations are not now very interested in horse management and other "shop" subjects. Ought to be, perhaps, but existing circumstances will not permit the majority of us to make a hobby of horses.

Horses, army horses, are of a class apart. My close connection with them for many years upset all fond hopes of paradise. Nothing like a fed-up troop horse to make a fed-up trooper consider the advantages of suicide. One horse in particular had a detestable habit of laughing at me. No, it was not at my face, which, indeed, can be laughed at, but he'd turn round and grin when things were going all dead wrong. Just previous to marching order inspections he was very trying. The wise men would have cloak on and saddle nicely packed the night before. I, very foolishly, would wait until the last moment. The rest of the gang would be too busy touching up their saddles to give me any help. It is no simple matter to roll a cloak alone. It is more difficult to attach it to the saddle of the horse's back. My horse thoroughly enjoyed my discomfort. I'd girth him up tightly, hang all the necessary ornaments upon him, make much of the sponge and saddle soap, be quite satisfied it looked well, make a mighty pull upon the straps holding the cloak and would be made perfectly happy when the whole bally business slid around his tummy. This was the height of his delight. Then it was that he would turn around and laugh at me. Oh no, not me, I wouldn't think of it, and am not at all that kind of person. I loved my horse. Used to give him bully beef to eat in the hope that it would send him to the sick lines. Nothing doing. He could eat anything and had a marked fondness for the

nose-bag belonging to the horse in front. The other men always seemed deficient in that saving sense of humour and generally blamed me because all the oats had trickled out before the journey's end. "If you'd keep that sainted, elegant plug back where he ought to be this wouldn't have happened." Why argue? The thing was done and should quickly be forgotten.

But I digress. I had no particular intention of dilating on horses I have known. It was of "The Goat" I wished to speak, and how it could be made more appealing to the old timers.

Most of us will agree that taken altogether the army days were very happy ones. Those who remember me will marvel at this statement, at the same time murmuring something in connection with a bull. I frankly admit that I did my share of the kicking. What of it? Every man jack indulged in this harmless recreation. It was simply a means of letting off steam. So, again I say those stand out amongst the happiest days of my life. It is difficult to say just what made these so happy. You know, we never seem to be able to appreciate the present. Past events and past scenes are gilded with what the present does not possess. As for the kicking—it meant nothing. I ask you; who could be in a cheerful frame of mind when turning out for stables on a cold, wet, dark morning? To see the sorry-looking beasts standing or lying in a sea of mud did not improve matters. My own particular beast, heaven bless him, had the happy faculty of always losing his blanket. The stableman should, but was not always sure, just what had become of it. He, (the horse), was passionately fond of mud and was never so happy as when rolling until plastered from head to foot. This, to say the least, was somewhat trying, especially as the O.C. was having a horse inspection at 9 a.m. The hopelessness of the outlook was felt by the horse. Really, he was thoroughly enjoying himself, and paid but little heed to the thumps and curses given so generously. I would honestly try to rid the beast of the mud, but you all know the idiocy of brushing the stuff when wet. I had several times made the attempt, but unfeeling sergeants (with a groom of their own) were rigidly opposed to the application of soap and water to the wretched beast. Suppose they thought I'd wash it away. At all events, this was an occasion for kicking. Then, when "Fe-ee-eeed" had been shrieked by a variety of voices and accents, and when friend horse had smash-

ed me across the face with a wet, mud-soaked nose-bag, my cup of happiness was full.

I knew I'd be "for it." Never get away with such a dirty horse. Damn the luck anyway. But why damn it? As I scrambled away the affectionate beast, by way of thanking me for past kind attentions, kicked me in the leg. Course it was not much, but, swinging it to the fullest capacity and moving about in a manner intended to suggest great pain, was enough to get me excused the parade.

Cheers. Let the horse be dirty

I cared not a rap. Out of sight, out of mind.

Little things made life interesting. Everything was so uncertain that we made the most of what we had.

There is another incident that stands clearly out in my mind. In itself it is nothing but a huge joke with me as the victim. Feel sure there are many who remember it well.

We were back from the line for the purpose of "reorganizing." Happy, misrepresented word. Personally I did not much like this

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reorganizing business. It was simply one thing after another. Riding school, sword drill, stable-building, saluting, inspections, and all the other necessary adjuncts to a well-trained cavalryman. My vanity always was hurt in riding school. Out of it, I imagined myself something of a rider, in, well, the riding instructor and myself never could unanimously agree. My toes were always the subject for much hard feeling on either side. The marked antipathy of my horse to my spurs made it absolutely necessary for my toes to be turned in, but, somehow or other, it was inevitable that the instructor should be continually shrieking at me to turn those toes in.

Why harp on the dismal subject? This what follows is far more amusing.

On this particular spring morning we were thoroughly enjoying ourselves. Regimental drill in full marching order would gladden anyone. Ye gods, when I think of it. The thought of the terrific impact as the troops would wheel into line still causes me to break out in perspiration. What with mess tins, heel-pegs and swords, the way of a trooper was not one of roses. This was bad enough—but the language. My sainted aunt! I

still impress the natives with some of the new oaths I learned during these exhilarating exercises. Everybody seemed to hate everybody else with a savage intensity. As I was invariably placed on the worst possible flank, regimental drill meant much to me. My brain was trained to think, my eye to see and my will to act—all on the double. It was not always easy to discover a space wide enough in that packed, cursing mob to accommodate one's self. Experience is a great teacher. I had not been slow to see the wisdom of the retiring from the melee until the troops were in some sort of shape. Then, and not till then, would I create another mild uproar by shoving up into place. Those in authority over me did not exactly approve of my method of avoiding danger. Still, there was nothing in K.R. and O. to meet the case. The nearest thing was cowardice in the face of the enemy, but when the said enemy was about 50 miles away it was doubtful if they could see that far.

To get on with it. Our genial O.C. appeared to be thoroughly enjoying himself. Our latest batch of recruits lived quite up to the reputation recruits have. Provided there was the tiniest possibility of their placing the wrong construc-

tion upon an order, they could be relied upon so to do. Their familiarity with trumpet calls was as vague as our own. The panting trumpeter (by some whim of providence he always seemed to be mounted upon the roughest horse in the regiment) would do his best with something shrieked by the O.C., whose horse was considerably fleetlier than that of the trumpeter. Considering the distance between them, how was he to know what was required? Anyway, he'd blow something. Didn't matter much what. "What's that?" said the sergeants. "What's that?" said the corporals. "What's that?" said everybody else. Toss for it. Sections left—left—hey!, don't yer know wot sections left is? Come on, come on, put yer spurs in 'im. And with a commendable independence we would sections left and at a mad gallop leave the regiment, who knew not the calls as well as ourselves. How peaceful after the storm. Not for long. "Blue-eyed somebody," sang the O.C., as he tore down upon us. He appeared somewhat annoyed and it seemed as though independent action was hardly the thing. In a very mild voice he asked us to please return to and conform with the movements of the rest of the regiment, that was, of course,

if we had no objection. No, we didn't mind a bit. By this time he had somewhat recovered and was himself again. Clearly he was in a towering rage but that meant little to the most of us. As a matter of fact, we rather liked it. He was quite unique. The language used was like nothing else on earth. It was a thing of wonder and passionate admiration. Incidentally I might suggest that privates were not always so stupid as it seemed. There is something irresistibly funny about a man who has lost his temper. It gives one to laugh, and laugh we would. Naturally the sight of our happiness did not improve his condition. Misunderstanding quite our point of view, he would sternly command that we take those grins from off our faces. Good soldiers that we were, the order was obeyed pronto.

The morning was shaping well. Our stupidity was colossal. Our O.C. proved more wonderful than we had ever imagined. That particular morning he taught me several new words, both picturesque and forceful. Just the same his perseverance was a thing of admiration. He refused to be discouraged. One thing fizzling out, he'd try something else in the fond hope that there was something we *did* know.



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With a grim smile, and utterly disdaining the trumpeter, he roared the order to form line. Heaven help me. As usual I was on the flank. I galloped madly. No thought of dressing was in my mind. My one idea was centred upon getting into place before the jam arose. I saw quickly that this would be impossible. My horse was doing his best but he wasn't fast enough. Remember Laddie? Never loved him so much as when a certain officer in another squadron decided to take him and lift him out of the ranks to become a "charger," whatever that may be. After the transformation Laddie was never himself again. Like his former rider, it seemed that he preferred to be numbered amongst "other ranks."

Drying my tears, I resume. He needed no persuading, but slackened down to watch the ambitious ones rush past and be gathered in the general mix-up. After the blue tinge had faded from the atmosphere, I created another mild panic as I shoved into my place. My affectionate comrades made no effort to make my way easier and made no bones about my mental condition. "'Ere, oo-r-yer a-push-in' of?"—"get that ole plug to heaven outer 'ere"—"get outa the way"—"mind my leg"—"get back, get back," and so on. They seemed to love me but little. It is only fair to myself to state that I was never tongue-tied upon these occasions. However, an evil pack-horse, taking a sudden dislike to us, and obviously bored with the whole proceedings, lashed out with both feet and caught me on the knee.

Heaven be praised! Hospital at last. Funny part was it seemed not to pain much. Numbness, probably, I painfully dismounted and limped away, not without noting with gratification the envious looks of my comrades. Not much pain yet. Trust me to make the most of it. Hadn't got far before my much-beloved sergeant came after me. He was yelling something I could not quite grasp. With a flash came understanding. He was praying for my speedy recovery. This was a mistake. He was not praying. Merely wanted to know what the blankety-blank, and so on, I had dismounted for without orders. Ignoring his unfeeling concern in my welfare, I removed the puttee, released my breeches, (a woman was spreading manure just across the road. She was frankly interested and came over to see if my shirt was clean), and was absolutely frantic with joy to find the skin broken.

The sergeant showed his disappointment. Nevertheless, he helped

me mount and sent me back to report to the M.O. Some may know but to this day I cannot understand why this afore-mentioned manure-spreader, not bad looking but rather smelly, should wink at me so very broadly. On my way rejoicing. There was a fly in the ointment however. The bally old knee didn't hurt a bit. I encouraged it well and hoped for the best. An obliging stableman helped me dismount and promised to look after Laddie as though it were his own horse. He meant well, so I did not voice what was uppermost in my mind. The M.O., after an altogether too brief examination, simply painted it with iodine and told me to rest it for the remainder of the day. Should be all right tomorrow. Not if I knew it. After a visit to the canteen and pinching something to read from the bivvy of my dearest enemy, I lay back luxuriously upon my lousy blankets and sincerely pitied the many unfortunates who were still right-wheeling into line.

The ride eventually returned. After grooming their horses (mine included) for a few hours, just to keep their hands in, feeding, and the usual argument with the stableman as to how he was to get his dinner, they were dismissed, with orders to parade at 2 pip Emma with swords. Everybody for it, yes, grooms too.

"Roll up, First Troop, dinner up," sang out the mess orderly. To prevent the possibility of being overlooked I attracted the notice of a passer-by and begged him to bring my dinner. Curses; where's my mess tin? Never mind, use yours. He didn't like it, but he did permit me to use the bottom of his and used a tin can for the mixture known as tea. His was cleaner than mine, for, you see, he was a good soldier, bless his heart.

The question of dinner being inadequately settled, my own particular gang came to congratulate and see the extent of my injuries. They were not particularly impressed, but, thank heaven, we had a number of "old soldiers" with us. These beings are unique. An old soldier just is. He is born that way, and to be so blessed at birth is a rare privilege. They were never particularly affectionate in their dealings with what they called "these civvy soldiers," and their adopted air of cold superiority was a thing of wonder. There are means of getting beneath this contempt. Somewhat costly, but well worth it. One of these superior people honoured me so much as to permit me to be his side-kick. The combination was not highly successful. He thought he could drink. So he could, after a style.

I am a very moderate drinker. My side-kick wearied me with the recital of his prowess as a beer remover. I challenged him to a competition — loser to pay for all drinks. I won hands down, and he never loved me quite so much after. At this particular time we were friendly. His was a wonderful horse. Thin and angular, and with a vile temper. He was curiously fond of the beast, and for this reason we were loud in our condemnation of the plug. Intended giving his name, but the man in question was always so modest that the sight of his name in print may occasion his premature demise. Some people might like this, but I'll refrain. Can say that this man was a past master at grousing. Comparatively speaking, mine was but a song of gladness.

He was the man who whispered in my willing ear a means of getting down to the base for a month or a year. It was absolutely necessary that I followed his directions to the letter. It would hurt a bit, but think of hospital, clean beds, nice nurses, etc. Because I did consider these things I consented to rigidly follow the treatment. In the first place I must wrap my knee very tightly in a wet towel and then pound it hard. Provided I pounded it hard enough I'd wake up in the morning with a knee as big as my head.

Did all this thoroughly, and fell asleep, thinking this was not such a bad old war after all.

Nert thing I remember is a voice asking: "Going sick, Powell?" Was I? Well, rather.

How was it looking? This was

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my first thought. Would I be able to swing it as far as Blighty? The thing didn't even hurt. I carelessly pulled away the towel and nearly fainted for joy at the discovery that the damned thing was completely cured. Can't put anything over an old soldier. To the end he had won. At a later date I charged him with duplicity, but he ignored my remarks and passed on to the canteen wearing a hurt expression.

That was the end of that. The M.O. put on some more iodine and marked me down for duty.

My disappointment was great, but thank God for a sense of humour. It was indeed a huge joke, with me as the victim. Yet I got a little out of it.

Nothing like this ever happens in civil life. That's why we look back with affection to our days in the army. The discomforts of an over-inhabited body, cold, hunger, air raids, these and other things are forgotten. What we do remember are the happy times and the wonderful fellowship that seemed to die with the doffing of khaki.

Persoonally, I wish to see this spirit re-created. Let us remind each other of the little things like this. They were nothing in themselves, but seem quite a deal now. If we remind each other of what kind of men we used to be we will awaken again some of the wonderful fellowship I was speaking of. Besides, the humour to be found in a regiment of cavalry in war time is too good to be forgotten.

Everyone of us had hundreds of curious experiences. Why not tell them? In most cases the telling will amuse just as much as the reading.

It may be folly to live in the past. Just the same I am happy when thinking of the 1914-1918 period, and seem to have a certain tenderness for the R.C.D. The sight of the familiar hat-badge on the street gives me a thrill. I do not want to forget the regiment or the men who made the regiment what it is. Reserve a section of your journal for the old-timers. Invite letters and other communications from them. It would be appreciated by all in general and us in particular.

I mean well. If my suggestion meets with your disapproval, just forget all about it.

In the meantime as soon as you will make me familiar with the rates for yearly subscription I will be glad to subscribe.

Wishing the publication every success, and with kind remembrances to the regiment, especially those who know me,

Truly yours,

Fred. W. Powell.

Correspondence.

Montreal, April 14th, 1926.

Major D. B. Bowie,
Royal Canadian Dragoons,
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Major:—I would be glad if you would have a copy of the March issue of "The Goat" sent to Mr. F. F. Jones, 1702 Queen Mary Road, Montreal.

Mr. Jones is an ex-"B" Squadron man, and I am sure that if you sent him a copy of the paper that he would gladly subscribe. I only had an opportunity of reading this particular issue yesterday and found it highly interesting. A good many names of former comrades are mentioned therein and I certainly am a strong booster of the Old Comrades' Association.

I intend to join this association and do everything I can to insure its success.

With kind regards, I am,

Yours truly,

A. PAULEY.

23 Beech Ave., Balmy Beach,
Toronto, Ont.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith annual subscription for the regimental paper, a copy of which I received yesterday.

It afforded me great pleasure in reading over quite a number of familiar names of old comrades. The pleasant times and good fellowship that existed while the regiment was overseas is still evident, according to the write-up submitted by such a humourist and soldier as "Old Sim." I was delighted to see in his epistle that he mentioned Capt. James (Our Jimmie) as looking so happy, etc.

Being a patient in Christie St. Hospital, I was unable to be present at such a grand and memorable gathering, but better luck next time.

Yours very truly,

J. McKINLEY.

(Late S.Q.M.S., R.C.D. No. 894.)
April 16th, 1926.

Esquimalt, B.C.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—The copy of "The Goat" just received describes your undertaking the editing of "The Goat," and I want to take this opportunity of extending to you my best wishes for every success in your work, and I do hope that the publication will continue and prosper.

As my subscription must be al-

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ready expired, I am enclosing a dollar for the current year.

Conditions in Victoria are in such contrast to those in Toronto and St. Johns that it is hard to realize that one is in Canada, and when I think of having arrived here on the 24th of February to find the lawns being mowed, the flowers and trees in bloom, and overcoats the exception rather than the rule, I could not help recalling a February morning in St. Johns when we went on parade at 38 below zero. However, do not take this as indicating that I always think of your Station as cold and inhospitable; in fact my memories are of quite a different order, and I have the pleasantest recollections not only of snowshoe parades and winter rides, but of the wonderful conditions and surroundings during the summer months.

At Esquimalt, the District Headquarters, the 5th Heavy Battery, R.C.A., and "B" Company, P.P. C.L.I., together with the smaller detachments, constitute a garrison, and a very happy family, and in some ways a similar atmosphere prevails as that at St. Johns, except that the unfortunate units have District Headquarters camped right in their midst.

Please remember me to your Squadron Commander, and all

other old friends, also to Balders, of the R.C.R.

With kindest regards,

Most sincerely yours,
F. GILMAN.

The railroad porter was a very careful and truthful man. In his youthful days he had been severely reprimanded for inaccuracy, and ever since he had been painstakingly correct.

An old gentleman approached him on the platform and asked genially:

"Is this my train, porter?"

"No, sir," replied the careful one; "it belongs to the company."

"Don't be funny," snapped the old man, testily. "You know I didn't mean that. I want to know if I can take this train to San Diego."

"There's no need, sir," the porter answered. "That's what we've got an engine for."

A man in Rome attempted to commit suicide because he could not buy Christmas presents for his family. I know a man who is in an equally low state of mind because he cannot pay for the presents his family have given him.
—London Morning Post.

"A Trooper's Romance."

A Play in Seven Scenes, by the Author of "Seven Days' Leave."

DRAMATIS PERSONAL

The Lovesick Hero Tpr. Mundell
The Unsuspecting Heroine A Movie Actress
A Handsome Dragoon L/Cpl. J. D. Fraser
Villains Voices Off, Flourishes, etc., The Bhoys of the Barrack Room

General Situation Cavalry Barracks, Zero Avenue

Act I., Scene I.—The Men's Mess Tables, forms "a la Traymore"
Noises as of hurried champing of Hamburger.

The Hero—"Aha, I think the hour is late I must nip, at once, if not sooner. Tonight I am to visit the St. Johns Hippodrome, and see portrayed upon the silver sheet the damsel who has stolen my heart." (Exit.) Enter villains.

1st Villain—"That guy Mundell sure takes the sparrow's one and only pair of knees. There he goes at the double again. I'll bet a dime that he's got a jane down-town somewhere."

Other Villains (together)—"Har! Har! Har!"

(Exeunt Omnes) Curtain

Act I., Scene II.—After supper. Second Troop barrack room (upstairs). (Enter Handsome Dragoon, carrying portion of ornamental iron railing).

H.D.—"Hey, Cullinan, here's a weapon for you for the next you fall off the water wagon."

Cullinan (waking up)—"Whassamarrer? What do I want that for?"

H.D.—"To hit someone over the head."

Cull.—"But I don't want to hit anyone over the head."

H.D.—"Perhaps not, but you will when you go on the toot again, and, you know, you can't use Bill Hargraves' poker again, and leave it out on the square to get rusty, like you did last time."

Cull.—"I only used it as a whip to take down to the 'Chink's', and, anyway, I returned it, or at least, I think I did."

H.D.—"Why don't you buy a whip?"

Cull.—"I know a certain lance-jack who is so tight that he fries bacon in Lux."

(Curtain, amidst scenes of turbulence)

Act I., Scene III.—The St. Johns Hippodrome. Hero waiting outside, alone.

Hero—"I perceive that this place of amusement is closed up and deserted. However, it is just 5.32-75 p.m., so I will await. Ah! loved one, the hour is not far off when I shall see thy fair face portrayed to dazzle the eyes of men." (Curtain)

Act I., Scene IV.—Same place, same hero, same position. Two hours later.

Hero—"What-ho! Likewise, Odds-fish! The portals swing open. I say, my man, what is the cost of admission to this place?"

Man (very deaf)—"Eh?"

Hero—"What is the actual amount of oof, cash, dibs, spondulicks, coin of the realm, or filthy lucre, that is payable by the prospective entrant to this Temple of Eyestrain?"

Man—"Eh?"

(Hero enters without paying).

Hero—"O, great is thy doctrine, Illustrious Fraser. Peace be on the beards of thy Hebrew ancestors. As the poet so aptly phrases it, 'Something attempted, somebody done.'" (Curtain)

Act I., Scene V.—Interior of Hippodrome. Hero seated in centre of front row. Feature showing, entitled "Three Faces East."

Hero (sotto voce)—"There comes a time in the life of every man when his thoughts concentrate on a beautiful object—that of finding his ideal woman. I have had the wonderful fortune to find mine. But I have only seen her on the screen as yet. I wonder what her name is. What's that? —*?!?!* (censored) those subtitles. Why the — don't they make them longer."

(Curtain. Hero still raving)

Act I., Scene VI.—The Canada Cafe. Hero speaking in low, earnest tones to the proprietor.

Charlie—"Big pay allee same X. Unknown quantity. All light. Sign here."

Hero proceeds to order and consume indigestible comesibles.

(Curtain)

Act I., Scene VII.—Barracks. Hero seated at tables, folding, one.

Hero—"Well, I've written to her, and here's hoping she R.S.

V.P.'s. I say, Fraser, have you—?"

H.D.—"No, haven't any. Been broke for a fortnight."

(Final Curtain)

The "last scene of all, which ends this strange, eventful history," will be published when the hero receives his longed-for reply.

Sports

Boxing Tournament.

The Garrison championships were decided in the gymnasium of the Barracks, St. Johns, on the evening of April 16th. There was a splendid attendance, quite a number of friends from town putting in an appearance.

A very high order of sportsmanship and ability was displayed by the various contestants throughout the evening. Every event was a "hammer-and-tongs" affair while it lasted. In one or two cases lack of knowledge was amply compensated for by a sheer exhibition of grit and the "will to win."

1st Bout (Welterweight) — Tpr. Shorrocks, R.C.D., vs. Pte. Chapman, R.C.R.

These men were well matched and put up a good fight. The exchanges were very even, but Shorrocks deserved the decision for being the more aggressive.

Pte. Rowlands, R.C.R., vs. Tpr. Mowatt, R.C.D. (Lightweight)

A very good fight. Good footwork on the part of Rowlands earned him a number of points. There was not an idle moment during this bout. Decision to Rowlands.

Tpr. Gravelle vs. Pte. Lafond (Welterweight)

Gravelle was the more experienced and won this bout. Lafond made a very good showing and will improve with more practise.

Pte. Talbot, R.C.A.M.C., vs. Pte. Pike, R.C.R. (Heavyweight)

Talbot won this bout by default.

Lieut. Clark, R.C.R., vs. Pte. Taylor, R.C.R. (Middleweight)

This fight was coloured by a lot of action. Lots of heavy blows were exchanged. Mr. Clark won in the second round via the K.O. route.

Lieut. J. de Laterriere, 11th Hus-sars, vs. Tpr. Dupuis, R.C.D. (Lightweight)

A very snappy affair while it lasted. Dupuis won by K.O.

Sgt. Harris, R.C.D., vs. Pte. Lewis, R.C.R. (Welterweight)

Harris, the more experienced boxer, always had the edge over his opponent. Lewis put up a splendid fight and kept boring in, taking all the punishment that was coming his way. Harris won. (Decision).

Capt. A. W. Black, R.C.A.S.C., vs. Pte. Roadknight, R.C.R. (Heavyweight)

This was a very good bout, with lots of action. Roadknight, who

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was very cool throughout the fight, earned the decision.

Tpr. Heffernan, R.C.D., vs. Pte. Forant, R.C.R. (Middleweight)

Both men were a little green, but were trying all the time. Heffernan won by decision.

Tpr. Ellis, R.C.D., vs. Tpr. O'Neill, (Featherweight)

Very fast fight. Ellis displayed more ring experience. O'Neill will improve with time. Ellis got decision.

Tpr. Gravelle vs. Tpr. Shorrocks (Welterweight Semi-Finals)

This was a hefty affair. Both men hit hard and mixed it in the first round. Gravelle won by K.O. in the second round.

Pte. Rowlands vs. Tpr. Dupuis (Lightweight)

The first round opened with a rush, both men handing out some nasty wallops. Honours were pretty even. In the second round Dupuis seemed to be feeling the pace and was knocked out by Rowlands.

Pte. Roadknight vs. Pte. Talbot (Heavyweight Final)

This was a hard-fought affair. Roadknight showed more skill, but Talbot put up a splendid fight and scored with some telling blows. Roadknight won by decision.

Lieut. Clark vs. Tpr. Heffernan, (Final Middleweight)

This was one of the best fights of the evening. Mr. Clark showed plenty of ring-craft. This was Heffernan's first appearance in a ring and he showed signs of promise. Mr. Clark won. Decision.

Sgt. Harris vs. Tpr. Gravelle (Final Welterweight)

Harris won by default.

Tpr. Ellis, vs. Pte. Rowlands (Final Lightweight)

Ellis was giving away 12 pounds and the handicap proved to be too much. The first round was fought at a fast pace, both men mixing well. Ellis, instead of keeping away from his man, made the mistake of going in after him. Rowlands won in the second round by K.O.

Presentation of cups was made by Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., who complimented the contestants on their good showing and sportsmanship. In welcoming all civilian friends, Major Bowie drew their attention to the fact that in army boxing the referee kept out of the ring, and yet his commands were always instantly obeyed by the fighters. Cups were presented as under:

1st Welterweight, Sgt. R. Harris, R.C.D.

1st Lightweight, Pte. T. Rowlands, R.C.R.

2nd Lightweight, Tpr. A. Ellis, R.C.D.

1st Middleweight, Lieut. Clark, R.C.R.

1st Heavyweight, Pte. J. Roadknight, R.C.R.

Best Loser, Pte. O. S. Lewis, R.C.R. This cup was presented by Major Bowie as a mark of his appreciation of the man who, although fighting a much better man, and getting all sorts of punishment, was able to take his defeat with a smile.

The officials: Referee, Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D.; Judges, Capt. N. M. Halkett, M.C., R.C.A.M.C.; Capt. R. Balders, M.C., R.C.R.; Mr. MacLean; Time-keeper, Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D.

During the reign of Edward IV., gambling was permitted during the twelve days of Christmas.

Military Drama.

(From "Punch")

Here is another play which Private Pullthrough and I have written in collaboration after the astounding success of our previous two. This little drama centres round the most important thing in the whole of a military career, that which makes the heart of every soldier leap beneath his tunic, that which is shared alike by all, from officer to private. I refer to leave.

Act I., Scene I.—A dark and windswept parade-ground at 7.30 a.m. on a winter morning. It is deserted. Parade is not till 7.45.

(Curtain)

Scene II.—The same, a quarter of an hour later. "A" Company has just fallen in. The stage, by the way, is still in darkness except for the glow of the Sergeant-Major's cigar, which he is holding behind him.

A Platoon Sergeant (calling the roll, while privates reply, "Here, Sir!") Private Palindrome. Private Rumpelstiltskin. Private Smith, A. Private Smith, A. K. Private Smith, A. W. Private Smith, C. (104). Private Smith, C. (543).

(When Private Smith, C. (543) who is the hero of the play, answers his name, there should be a pause and a spot-light should be turned full upon him.)

Another Sergeant (who has had war service). Put that — light out!

Curtain

Scene III.—A quarter of an hour later still. There is more light, as during the scene the sun is switched on at the back. No. 2 Platoon in which, thanks to the previous limelight, the audience will recognise Private Smith, C. (543), is doing physical drill.

Sergeant Sikiface, the Platoon-Sergeant (comfortably ensconced in a great-coat). Knees hup! Hup! Hup! Hup! Life them hup there, Smith. 'Igher! 'Igher! . . .

(This can go on for ten minutes or so if the stage flooring will bear it. If it doesn't stand it the play just stops at this point).

Private Smith, C. (543) (to his neighbour, Private Smith, C. (871) in a whisper which the back row of the audience must hear above the crashing of boots, but which the Sergeant mustn't). He is jealous of us because we are going on leave today and he has to stay behind.

Private Smith, C. (871) (with out enthusiasm). Yes.

(He is out of breath, and besides he has heard the above information at every rehearsal).

Sergeant S. 'Igher! 'Igher! Private S., C. (543) (chattily). It is my opinion he would like to stop us going.

Private S., C. (871) (shortly). Yes.

(He is not much of a conversationalist during physical drill).

Sergt. S. 'Alt! (They Was you talking, Smith?

Seventeen Voices. No.

Sergt. S., Smith, C., I mean Four voices. No.

Sergt. S. (giving it up as a bad job). Well, don't let me hear you doing it again.

(He scowls angrily at Private Smith, C., (543), and the audience can see that he has it up against him.)

Curtain

Act II.—A corner of the barracks with some full kitbags lying against a wall. Some full privates can be heard singing off, "Furlough today. Hip-hip hooray!"

Enter Sergeant Sikiface very furtively, carrying a safe.

Sergt. S. (nominally to him-

self, actually to the audience). I will be even with Smith yet. I will stop his going off on leave. 'Twas a good idea of mine, that it was, to secretly and without anyone noticing abstract the office safe. I will conceal it in Private Smith, C., (543)'s kit-bag and then accuse him. Hist, what's that? I hear footsteps.

(A loud tramping breaks out suddenly at this cue. Sergeant Sikiface runs to the kit-bags and hurriedly stuffs the safe into one of them.)

Sergt. S. Ah, ha! That will settle him!

When Private Smith, C. (543) who has been marking time loudly in the wings till he can come on, enters, Sergeant Sikiface has now moved away and is innocently waving to a friend in the audience.)

Sergt. S. (in a honeyed voice, but swinging his cane nervously). Ah, Smith, just off on leave? Hope you have a pleasant time!

(He swings his cane still more nervously, hits himself accidentally across the side of the face, and goes out.)

Enter more Privates, who pick up their kit-bags and prepare to go on leave.

Private S., C. (543) (coming front and treading on a footlight).

The quality of furlough is not strained;

It cometh, as do most things that I know,

Via the Sergeant-Major. It is twice. - .

(Two alarms and excursions, off, together with cries of "Stop, Thief!")

Enter a hatless and Sam-Brownless Company-Commander, running.

Company-Commander. The office safe has been stolen!

Enter a Pay-Sergeant and two clerks, running.

Private S., C. (543) Tut! What matter? (Prepares to go on leave.)

Enter a Sergeant-Major, having run.

The Sergeant-Major. The weekly pay was inside it.

Private S., C. (543). Heavens! This is serious. Who can have committed this dastardly outrage?

Enter Sergeant Sikiface.

Sergt. S. (dramatically). I can guess. (Points to Private Smith, C., (543). That man was prowling around the orderly room just now. He now appears to be very anxious to get away. Tell him to turn out his kit-bag.)

The Co. Commander (wringing his hands). Smith, do turn out

your kit-bag please, like what the Sergeant says.

Private Smith, C. (543) obeys. In his kit-bag are only the usual articles: Shirts, grey, flannel, 1 (and one on the man); socks, grey, woollen, worsted, pairs, 2 (and 1 on the man); underpants, woollen, long. . . For complete list see "Clothing Regulations."

Sergt. S. (astounded). What—nothing there? Look again, my man. Perhaps you'll find it in your hussif.

Private S., C. (871) (drawing the safe out of his kit-bag). Why! What's this?

All (promptly, this being an easy one). The safe!

Sergt. S. (aside). Fool that I was. I put it in the kit-bag of the wrong Smith, C.

(His words are unfortunately not far enough aside, for the Pay-Sergeant hears him).

The Pay-Sergeant. What—you put it in?

The Company-Commander looks at him. Sergeant Sikiface hangs his head guiltily.

Private S., C. (543). Sir, I forgive him. As I am going on leave I—

The C.-C. You are not going on leave yet. You too are under suspicion.

Private S., C. (543). (hurriedly). Oh, in that case I don't forgive him. . . . But, Sir (falls on one knee and sobs), let me have my leave, I beg you!

The C.-C. Why? (Whips out a book and reads). "Leave is a privilege and not a right."

Private S., C. (543). Yes, I know; but I must—

The C.-C. Have you any good reason?

Private S., C. (543) (in a low voice). Sir, my wife is expecting—

The C.-C. (shaken with emotion). My boy, say no more. Go! And the blessing of your officer go with you.

Private S., C. (543) (waiting till he gets to the wings before he finishes his sentence).—expecting me back on leave, Sir. (Exit very hurriedly).

Curtain A.A.

People will often give three cheers for something they would not give anything else for.

"You want a job as night watchman? Have you any references?"

"No, but I've got a doctor's certificate showing that I've suffered from insomnia for the last five years."

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